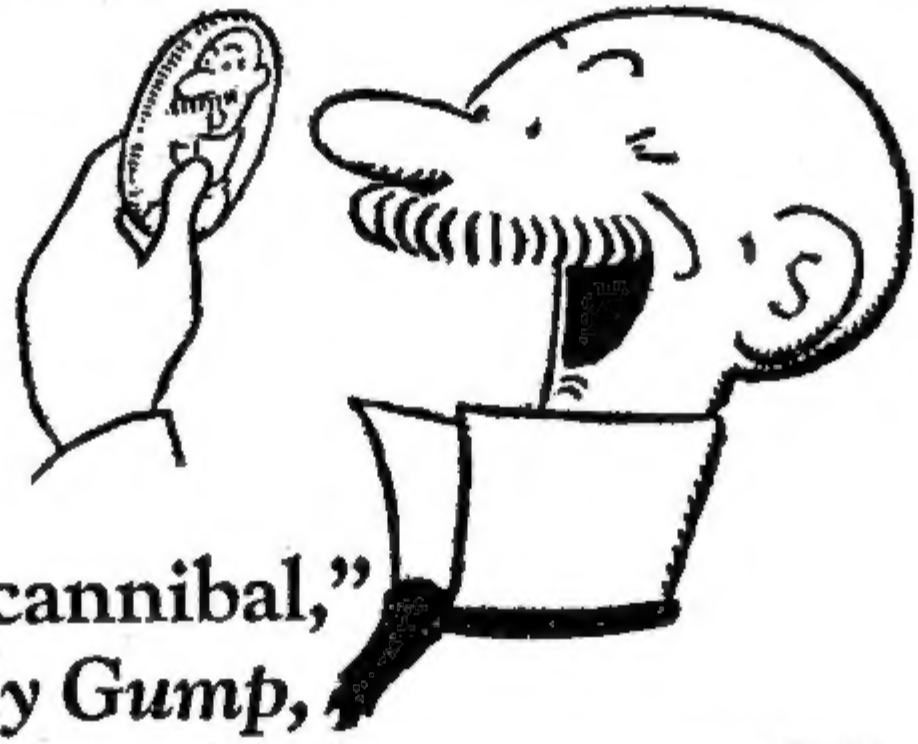


"I'm no cannibal," *says Andy Gump,* "but I certainly do taste good!"

Here's Andy Gump's own cookie!

On every one is a smacking fine portrait of Andy or one of the other Gumps, and, oh boy, but they taste good.

A dozen different funny packages to choose from. At your grocer's.

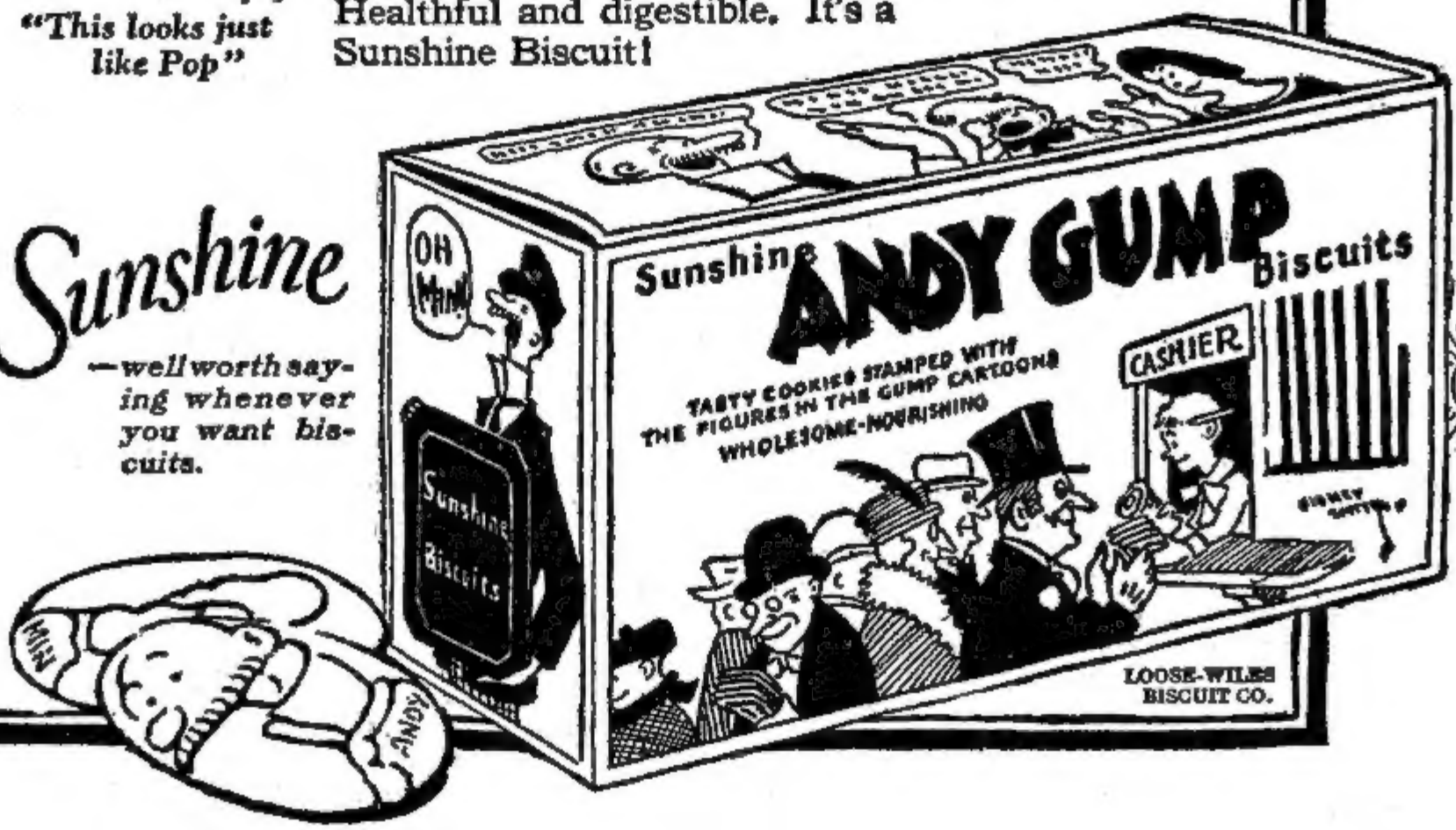
To Mothers:—This delightful package costs very little, but the cookies are made from the finest ingredients obtainable. Healthful and digestible. It's a Sunshine Biscuit!

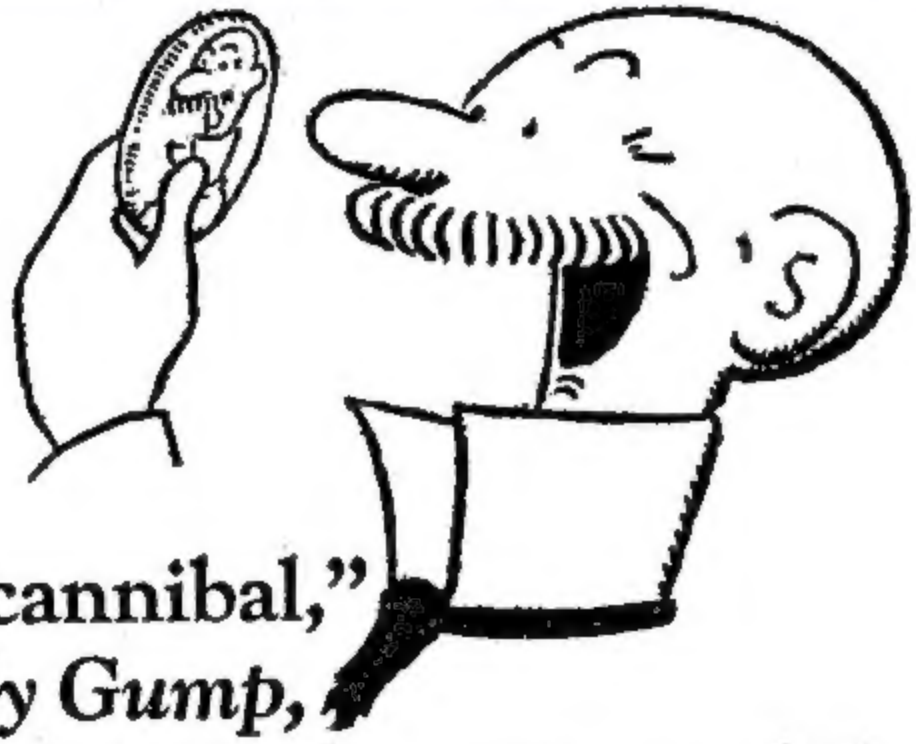
"I've got one with your picture on it, Chester"

"This looks just like Pop"

Sunshine

—well worth saying whenever you want biscuits.





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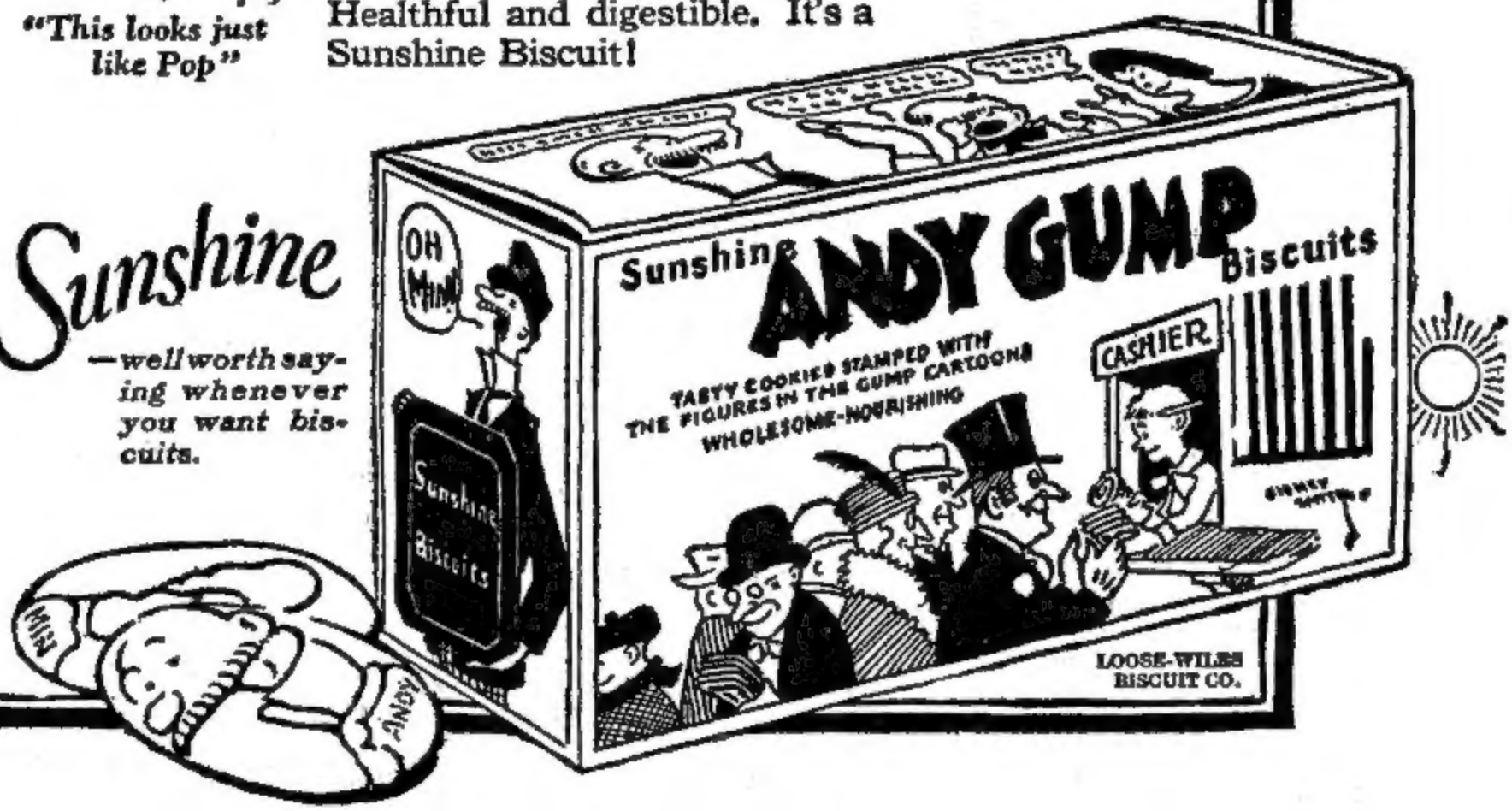
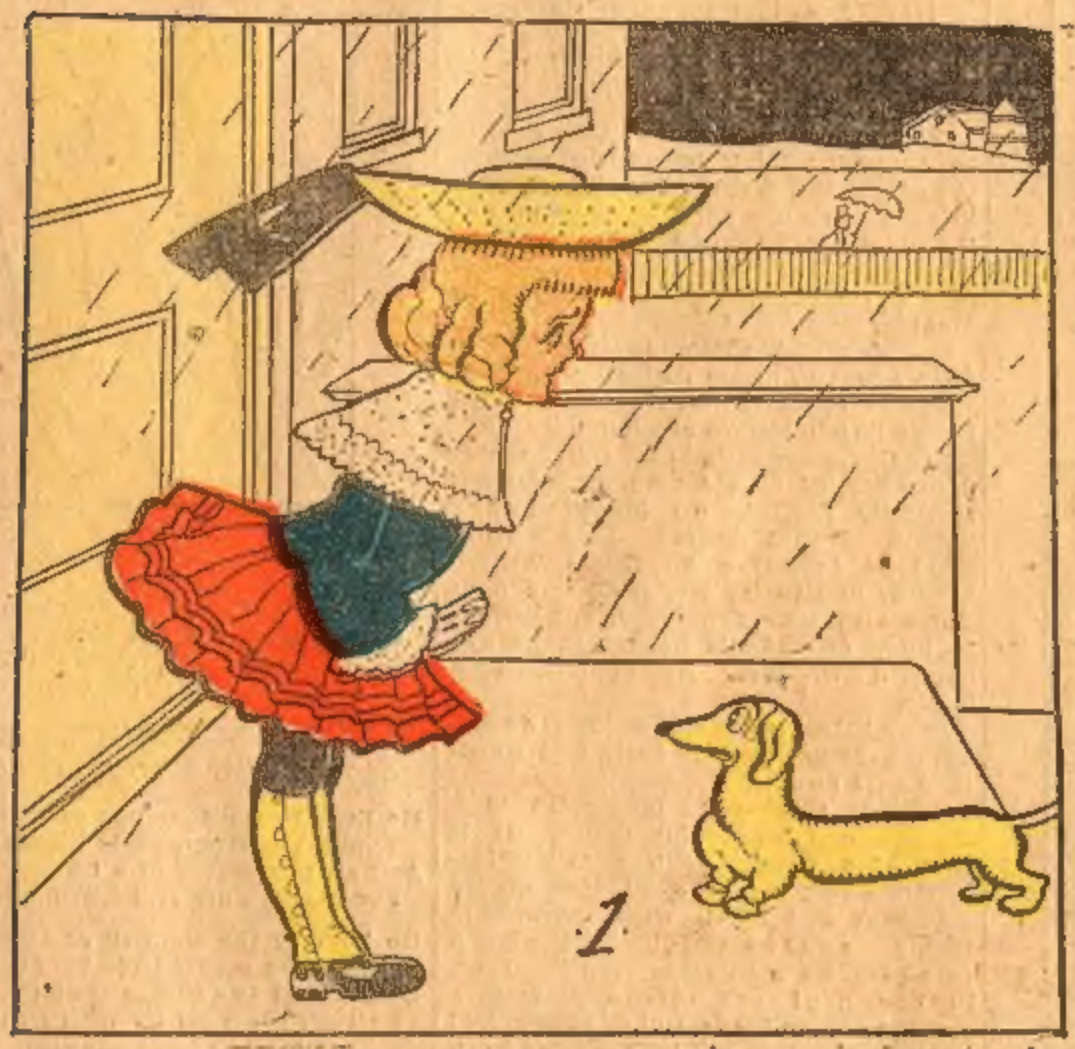
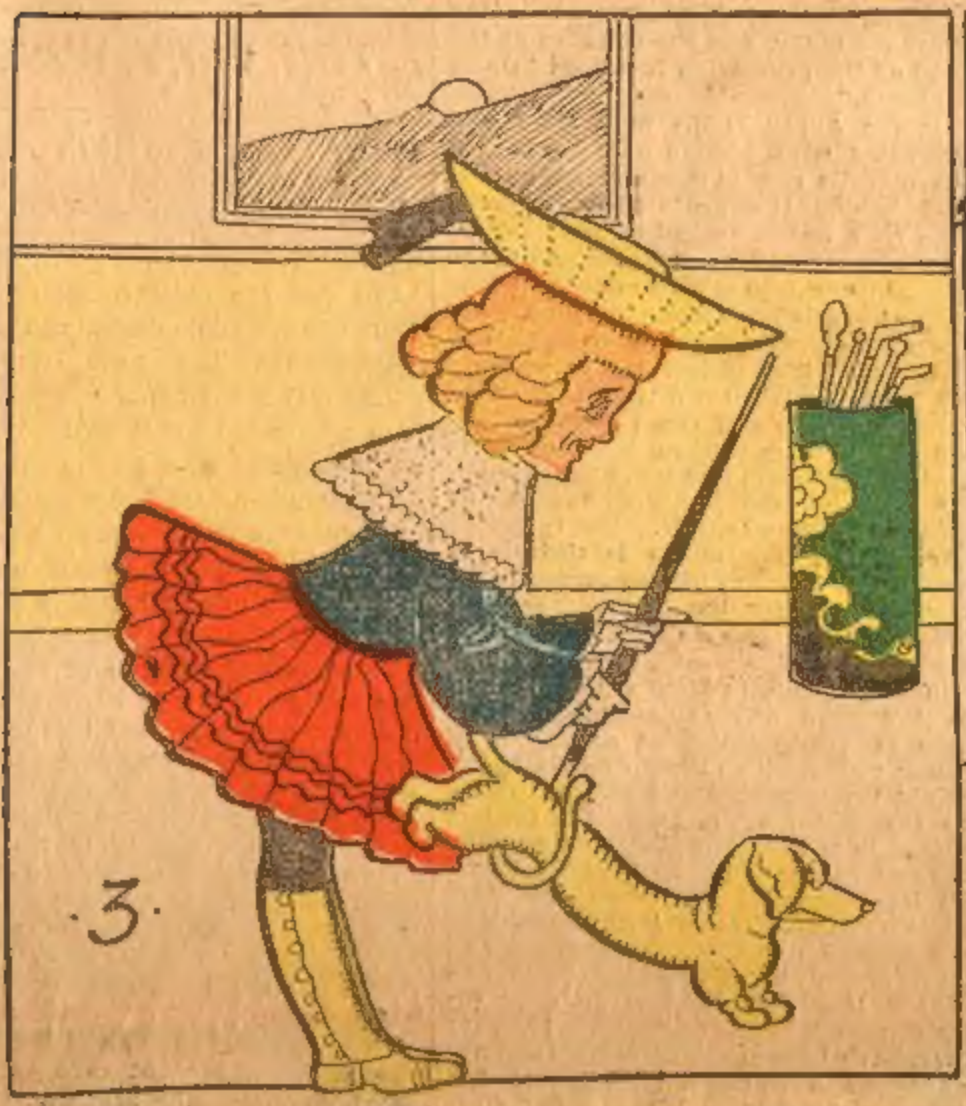


Fritzy Comes in Out of the Wet.

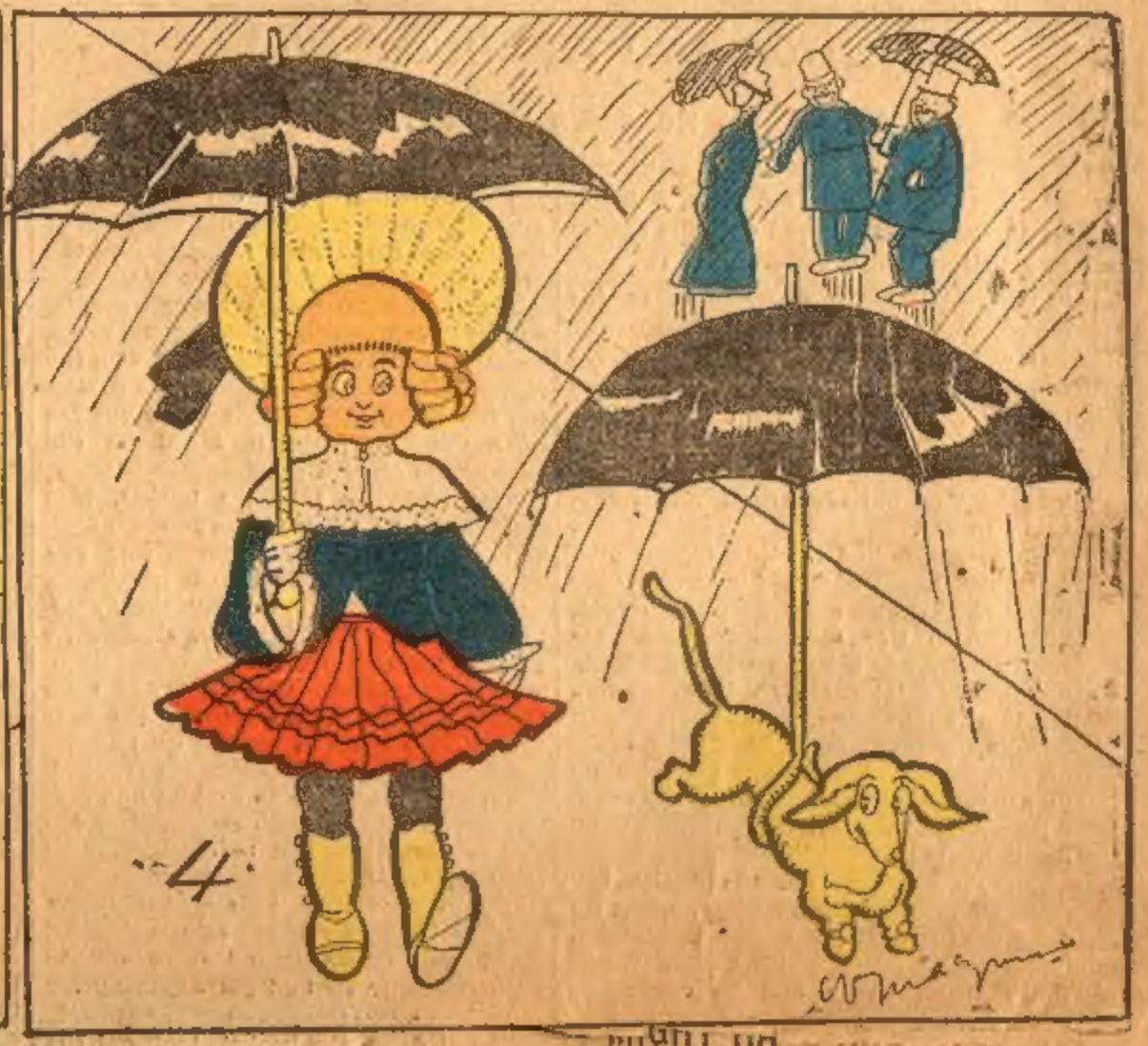


"I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE YOU BEHIND, FRITZY; IT'S RAINING. I MUST GO INSIDE AND GET AN UMBRELLA."

"I WONDER IF FRITZY COULD GET INTO THIS HANDLE!"



"EASY! NOW I'LL JUST PUSH IT UP TO HIS WAISTBAND AND IT WILL FIT SNUG!"



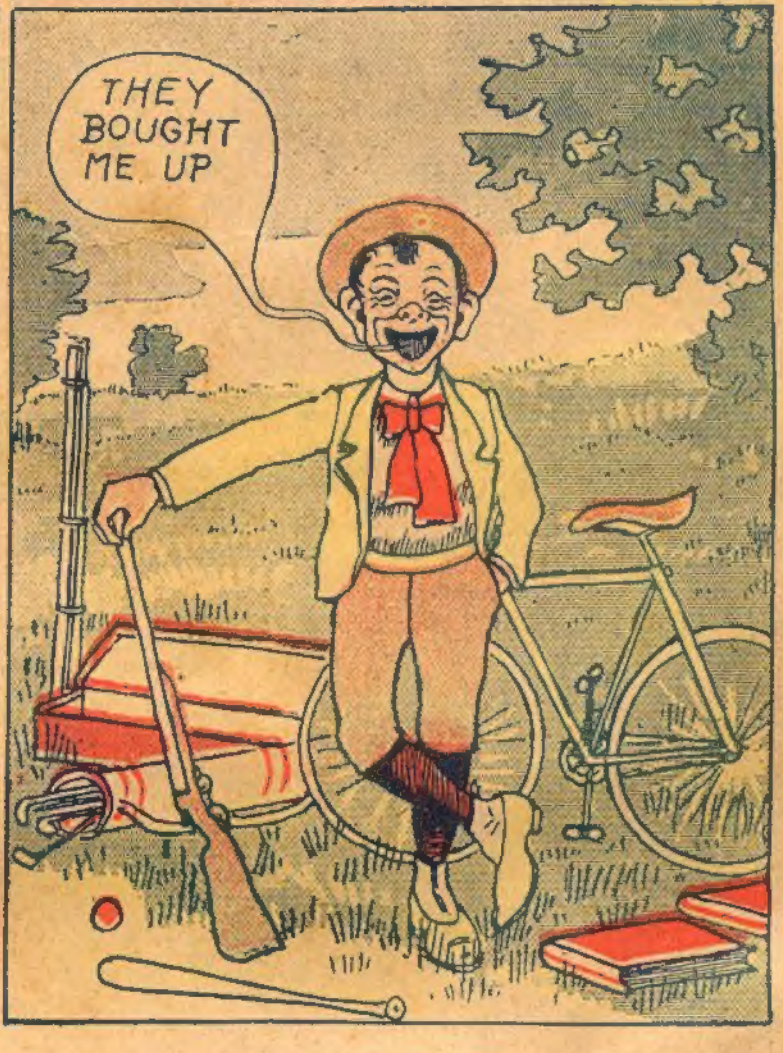
"DOESN'T HE

HE HAD A "SNAP."

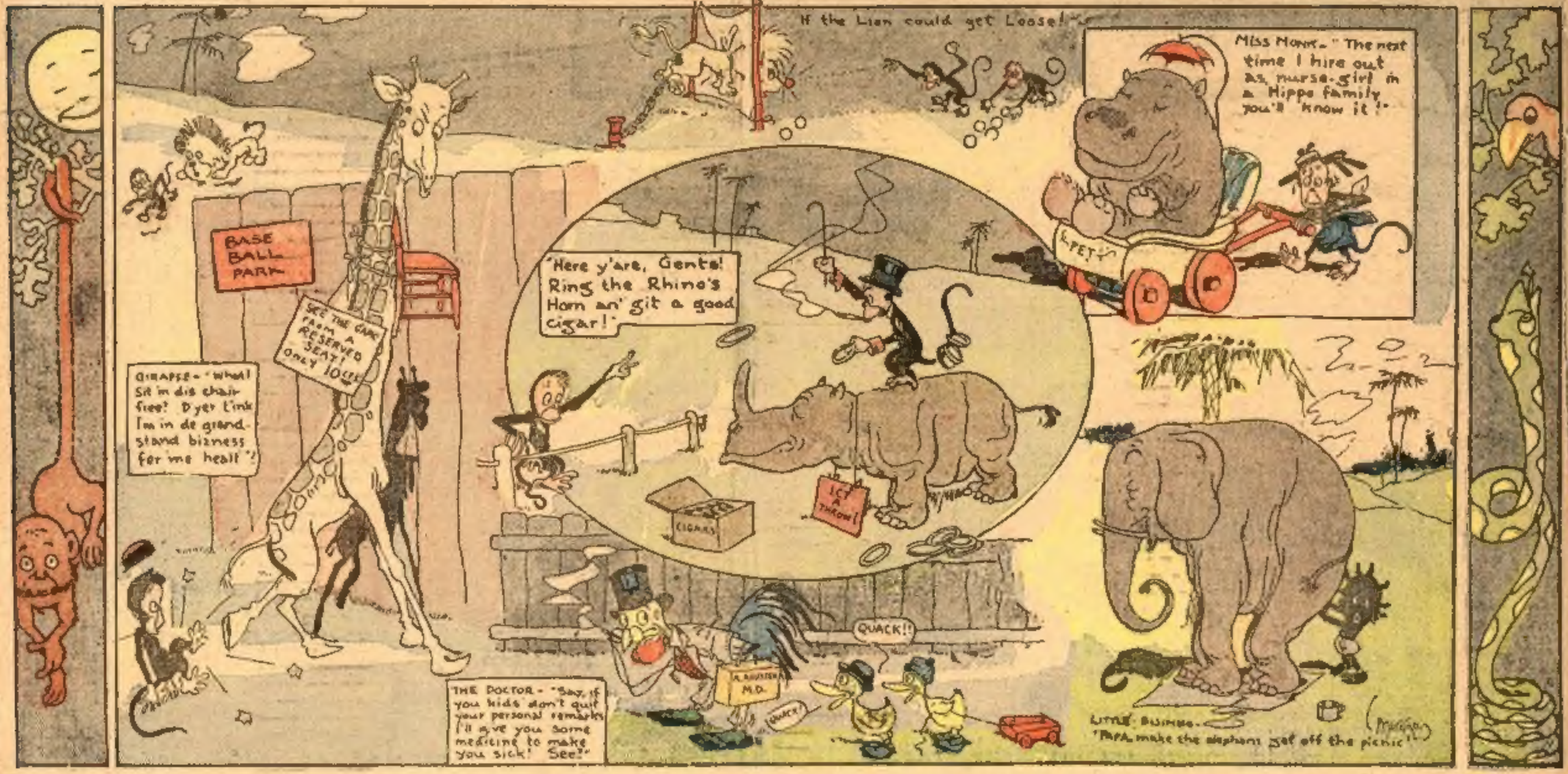
"I AM TIRED OF THIS CAMERA AND I NEED OTHER THINGS. I HAVE AN IDEA! MY SISTER'S FELLOW IS HERE. I WILL TAKE A FEW SNAP-SHOTS."

THIS WILL BE A VALUABLE PHOTO."

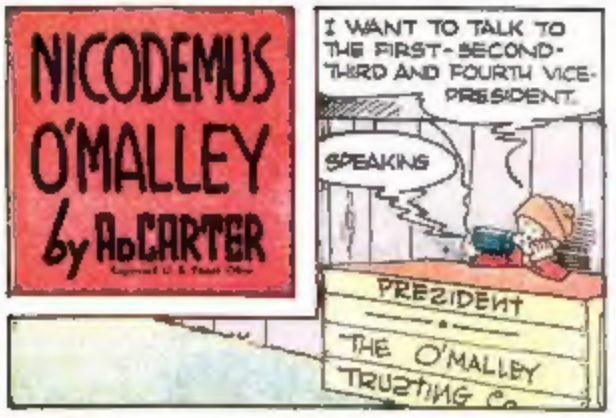
WHAT WILL PAPA SAY?"
Geo F. Payne.

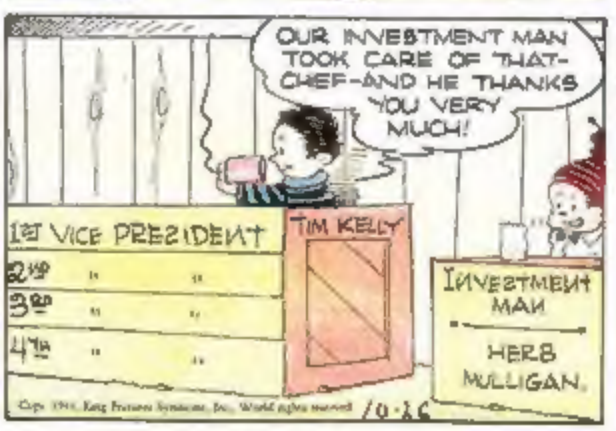

THEY BOUGHT ME UP

SOME SIGHTS AND SCENES AT THE ANIMAL PICNIC.


If the Lion could get Loose!
Miss Monk—"The next time I hire out as nurse-girl in a Hippo family you'll know it!"
BASE BALL PARK
SEE THE GAME FROM A RESERVED SEAT! ONLY 10¢!!
GIRAFFE—"What! Sit in dis chair free? D'yer t'ink I'm in de grand-stand bizness for me health"?
"Here y'are, Gents! Ring the Rhino's Horn an' git a good cigar!"
CIGARS
I'D A THROWN!
QUACK!!
QUACK!
M.D.
THE DOCTOR—"Say, if you kids don't quit your personal remarks I'll give you some medicine to make you sick! See?"
LITTLE BUSINESS—"Papa make the elephant get off the picnic!"

NICODEMUS O'MALLEY by Ad CARTER



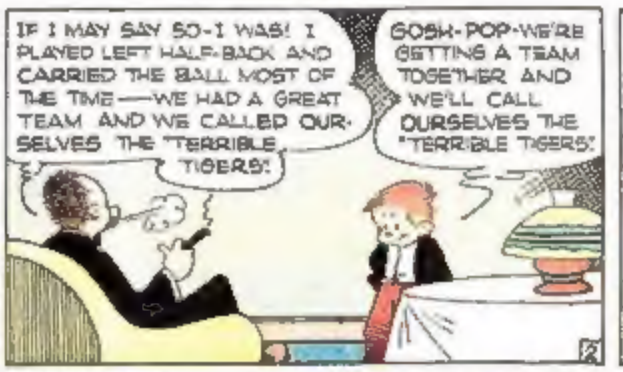


GRAN'PA

GRAN'PA-IT'S SUCH A LOVELY OCTOBER EVENING, COULDN'T WE STOP BY MAMIE MURPHY'S AND TAKE HER FOR A SPIN?
Thanks to
SEND IN A FUNNY SAYING FOR GRAN'PA—IF IT IS USED, YOU'LL RECEIVE AN ORIGINAL CARTOON.

Just-Kids

THIS IS REAL FOOTBALL WEATHER, MY BOY--REAL FOOTBALL WEATHER! I WISH I WERE BACK ON THE TEAM AGAIN-
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A FOOTBALL PLAYER-POP-WERE YOU A STAR?
1


IF I MAY SAY SO-I WAS! I PLAYED LEFT HALF-BACK AND CARRIED THE BALL MOST OF THE TIME—WE HAD A GREAT TEAM AND WE CALLED OURSELVES THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS!"
GOSH-POP-WE'RE GETTING A TEAM TOGETHER AND WE'LL CALL OURSELVES THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS!"
2

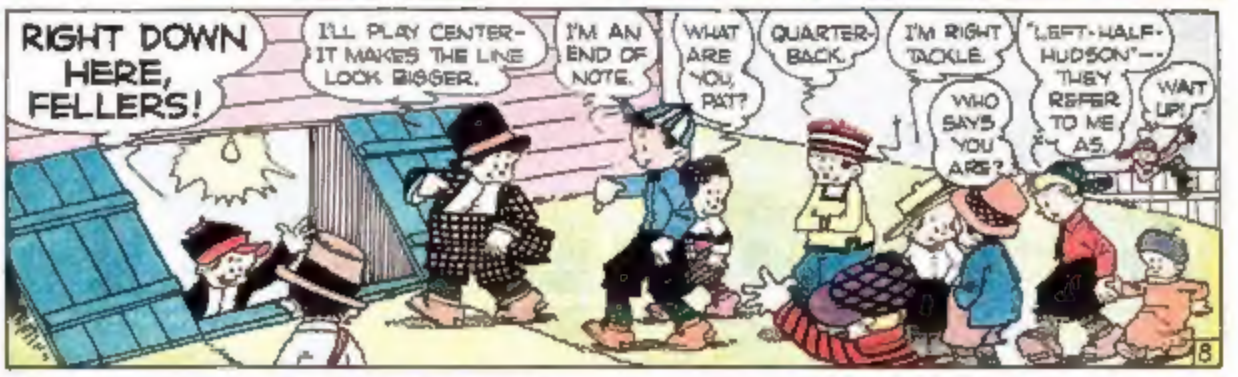
MY FATHER WAS A FAMOUS FOOTBALL STAR-THE NAME OF HIS TEAM WAS THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS"
THAT'S A VERY BEAUTIFUL NAME.
IT IS COLOSSAL-SUPER.
3

YOU GET THE GANG TOGETHER AND WE'LL HAVE OUR FIRST MEETING IN MY CELLAR THIS AFTERNOON AT FOUR—AND WE START PRACTICING TOMORROW.
WE WILL.
OKEE-DOKEE.
4

IN MUSH'S CELLAR AT FOUR O'CLOCK-AN' I'M THE CENTER.
I'M A NATURAL BORN GUARD-I HAVE A COUSIN WHO PLAYS GUARD.
MY BABY BROTHER CAN BE WATER-BOY—I'M FULL-BACK.
HEY-WAIT UP!!
5

MOM-WE'RE NAMING OUR FOOTBALL TEAM THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS"-THAT WAS THE NAME OF POP'S TEAM AND HE CARRIED THE BALL MOST OF THE TIME—COULD WE HOLD OUR FIRST MEETING IN THE CELLAR THIS AFTERNOON? WE START PRACTICE TOMORROW.
CERTAINLY.
6

WE HAVE THE FIRST MEETING OF OUR FOOTBALL TEAM-THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS"-IN MY CELLAR THIS AFTERNOON AT FOUR-AND YOU ARE WELCOME TO COME, SIR.
FORTUNATELY, I WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT-BUT I WISH THE "TERRIBLE TIGERS" ALL THE SUCCESS IN THE WORLD.
7



REWARD OF SKILL.

Kind Lady—"You say your big brother was the finest penman in the ward. Did he make use of it?"

Little Micky—"Did he? Well, I should smile. He wrote all de free-lunch signs fer three blocks!"

LINGERING SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

In Greenland, where the arctic nights
  Are six months long or so,
How sweet to sit up nights and woo
  Some gentle Eskimo.
What joy to nestle down beside
  Entrancing Jane or Mary
And whisper burning words of love
  From June to January.

The Inter Ocean

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

WEDNESDAY JULY 5, 1893.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Chicago—Let us do homage to the now silent proclaimer of independence.

ADVENTURES OF ADMIRAL FROG.

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON,
Author of "The Jumping Kangaroo and The Applebutter Cat."

No. XII. ADMIRAL FROG'S RETURN.

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ADMIRAL FROG was standing on the deck of the Battleship Tincan, when in his ears there sounded a loud and also a very sullen roar. Before him he saw a long line of foam.

"This," said the hero of the brine, "certainly means that I shall soon be cast upon a desert island."

While he was thinking what would happen next, the next thing happened. The Battleship Tincan was borne forward on the crest of a mighty wave. Admiral Frog thought he saw the nodding trees, and then caught the flash of what looked like a white house and a hay-stack in the distance.

"It is hard," said the great hero, bringing his croak from the depths of his noble breast, "that one who has braved the terrors of the great deep sea should come to an untimely death."

The Tincan whirled around and around and the hoarse roar grew so loud that the Admiral was sure that the next moment would be his last. The wooden pirates whom the Admiral had rescued fell in a heap and nearly broke a fine periwinkle shell as they fell into the hold of the battleship.

"Steady boys, steady!" cried the Admiral, soon we shall be dashed to pieces upon the rocks or perhaps eaten by cannibals. Yet I am happy to know that with me I have my great and good friend, Gawky Turtle."

That faithful creature looked up from the waves and a salt tear shown in his moistened eye.

Then darkness came over the sight of Admiral Frog and he found himself lying upon the sandy beach. Gawky Turtle was bending over him holding a camphor bottle to his nose.

"You are all right, Admiral," sighed Gawky Turtle when he saw the hero open his eyes. "You lost your senses but you are none the worse."

Then Gawky Turtle turned about and motioned with one of his fins. Out of the bushes there came a creature who looked very much like him.

"This," said Gawky Turtle, "is my able and worthy cousin, Lord Tortoise. He is at your service. I must return to the sea, for my family will be worried about me."

I shall not tell of the sad parting between the tender-hearted Gawky Turtle and his heroic friend, Admiral Frog. Many a tear was shed and many a promise given that they two should meet again.

Land Tortoise bowed when Gawky Turtle had gone, and asked if there was anything which he could do. There was something about Land Tortoise which was very familiar and the Admiral said so.

"You do not remember me then," exclaimed Land Tortoise. "When we were very young, we were caught by the King of Badboytown, who put us in a mackerel kit where we lived until we were big enough to get away."

At these words the Admiral fell upon the neck of the Land Tortoise and slapped him on the back. More than a million ants swarmed down upon the beach and asked the Admiral about their relatives, the fifty ants who had gone to sea with him.

"They should be very happy," replied the hero, "for I left them where there were large quantities of sand."

The men of that pirate ship, the Ocean Daisy, were brought out and placed on the back of Land Tortoise. The patient creature walked along very slowly, bearing the wooden men. Admiral Frog gathered up all the relics he had brought from the sea and placed them in his fish-net and slung them over his shoulder at the end of a

stick. When he got to his own pond he found it very much changed. All the tadpoles had grown up and all the minnows had become such big fish that he hardly knew them. He stood at the bank of the pond and made a low bow and then he jumped in and took the first swim in fresh water which he had had in many a day. He said that he was very glad to be back again in his own puddle although he had been the only frog in the ocean.

"At the same time" added he, "I am happy to be home again and I will not soon wander from my own bulrushes."

The creatures of the pool gave him the largest rock to sit on and offered him the finest flies. The King of Badboytown made him a knight of the Order of the Glass Marble.

The men of the pirate ship were left where the King of Badboytown could get them, and what he did with them I do not know. Admiral Frog devoted the days to the writing of the life of Oliver Whale, because, he said, that famous roundhead of the deep was almost as great as himself and also because he did not know anything about him. Every evening the tadpoles and the frogs came out in the bulrushes and heard the Admiral tell the wonderful adventures which had befallen him in the depths of the sea. The hero lived to a green old age and became the Squire Croaker of that pool.

(The End.)

THE NEBBS -:- Junior Makes an Enemy -:- By SOL HESS

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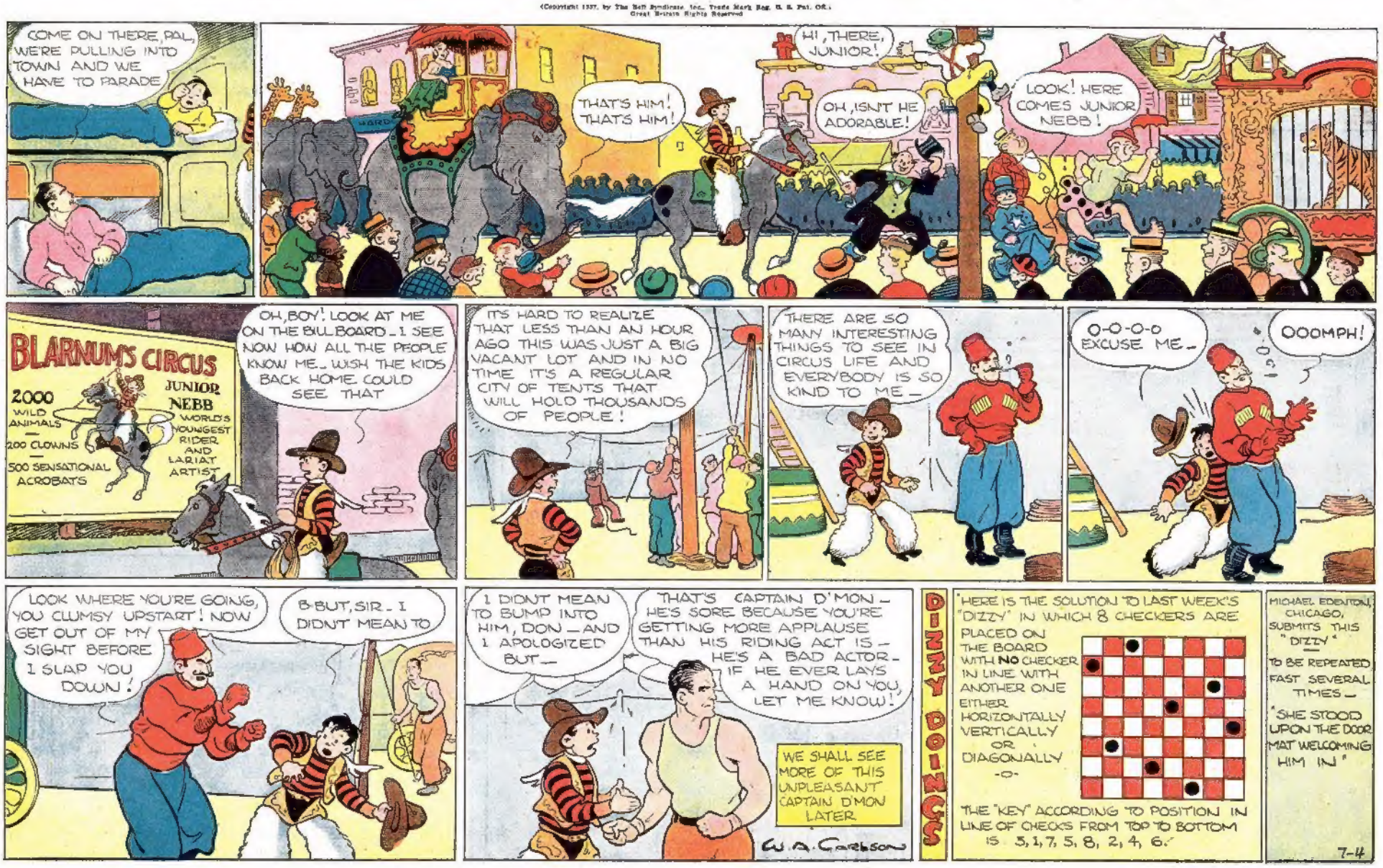
COME ON THERE, PAL, WE'RE PULLING INTO TOWN AND WE HAVE TO PARADE
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S HIM!
HI, THERE, JUNIOR!
OH, ISN'T HE ADORABLE!
LOOK! HERE COMES JUNIOR NEBB!
BLARNUM'S CIRCUS
2000 WILD ANIMALS
200 CLOWNS
500 SENSATIONAL ACROBATS
JUNIOR NEBB
WORLD'S YOUNGEST RIDER AND LARIAT ARTIST
OH, BOY! LOOK AT ME ON THE BILLBOARD - I SEE NOW HOW ALL THE PEOPLE KNOW ME - WISH THE KIDS BACK HOME COULD SEE THAT
IT'S HARD TO REALIZE THAT LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO THIS WAS JUST A BIG VACANT LOT AND IN NO TIME IT'S A REGULAR CITY OF TENTS THAT WILL HOLD THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!
THERE ARE SO MANY INTERESTING THINGS TO SEE IN CIRCUS LIFE AND EVERYBODY IS SO KIND TO ME -
O-O-O-O EXCUSE ME -
OOOMPH!
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU CLUMSY UPSTART! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT BEFORE I SLAP YOU DOWN!
B-BUT, SIR - I DIDN'T MEAN TO
I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP INTO HIM, DON - AND I APOLOGIZED BUT -
THAT'S CAPTAIN D'MON - HE'S SORE BECAUSE YOU'RE GETTING MORE APPLAUSE THAN HIS RIDING ACT IS - HE'S A BAD ACTOR - IF HE EVER LAYS A HAND ON YOU, LET ME KNOW!
WE SHALL SEE MORE OF THIS UNPLEASANT CAPTAIN D'MON LATER
W. A. Carlson

DINNY DOINGS

"HERE IS THE SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S "DIZZY" IN WHICH 8 CHECKERS ARE PLACED ON THE BOARD WITH NO CHECKER IN LINE WITH ANOTHER ONE EITHER HORIZONTALLY VERTICALLY OR DIAGONALLY

-o-

THE "KEY" ACCORDING TO POSITION IN LINE OF CHECKS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM IS 3, 1, 7, 5, 8, 2, 4, 6.

MICHAEL EDENTON, CHICAGO, SUBMITS THIS "DIZZY"

TO BE REPEATED FAST SEVERAL TIMES -

"SHE STOOD UPON THE DOOR MAT WELCOMING HIM IN"

7-4

SIMP O'DILL -:- Using the Old Bean -:- By SOL HESS

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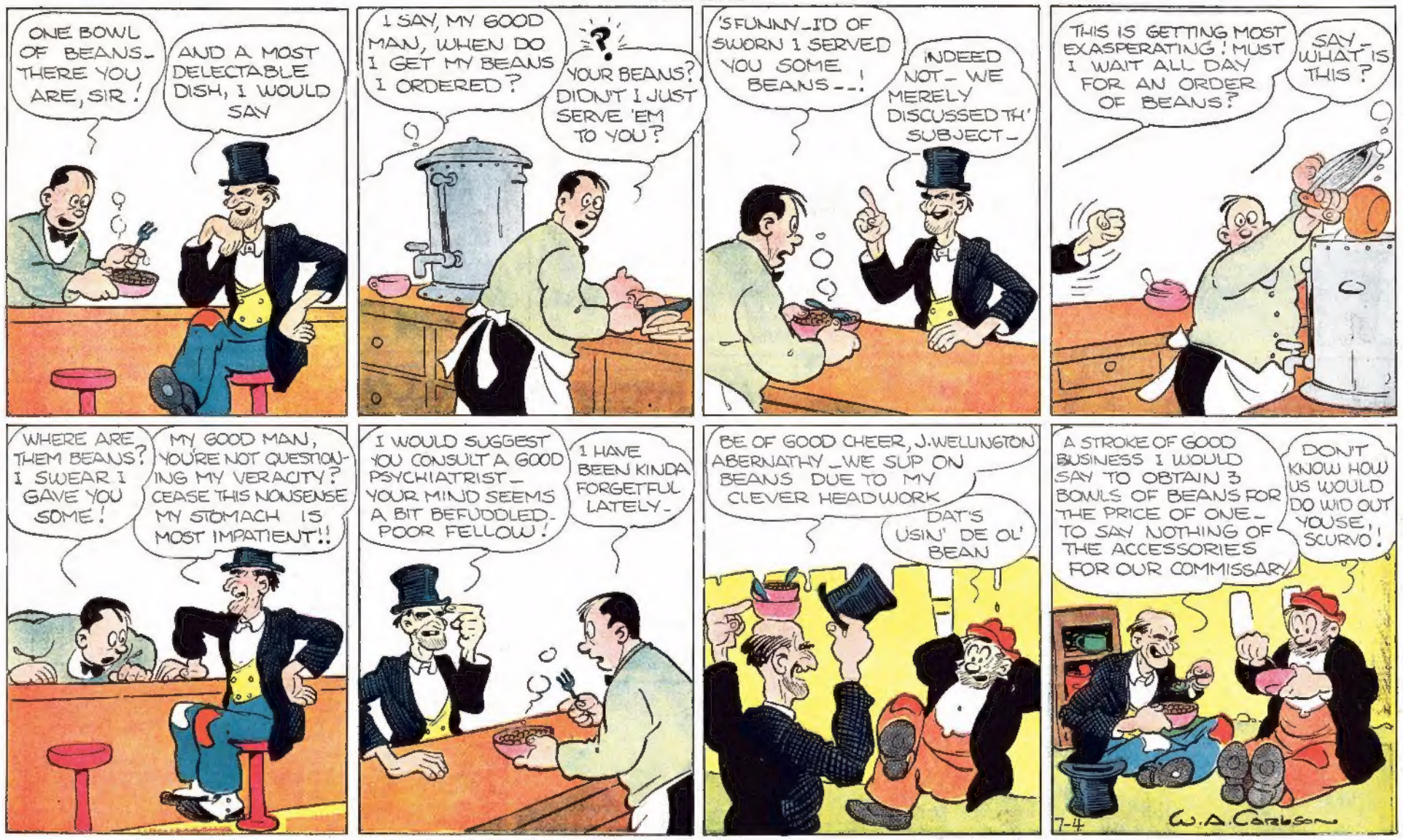

ONE BOWL OF BEANS - THERE YOU ARE, SIR!
AND A MOST DELECTABLE DISH, I WOULD SAY
I SAY, MY GOOD MAN, WHEN DO I GET MY BEANS I ORDERED?
YOUR BEANS? DIDN'T I JUST SERVE 'EM TO YOU?
'S FUNNY - I'D OF SWORN I SERVED YOU SOME BEANS - -!
INDEED NOT - WE MERELY DISCUSSED TH' SUBJECT -
THIS IS GETTING MOST EXASPERATING! MUST I WAIT ALL DAY FOR AN ORDER OF BEANS?
SAY - WHAT IS THIS?
WHERE ARE THEM BEANS? I SWEAR I GAVE YOU SOME!
MY GOOD MAN, YOU'RE NOT QUESTIONING MY VERACITY? CEASE THIS NONSENSE MY STOMACH IS MOST IMPATIENT!!
I WOULD SUGGEST YOU CONSULT A GOOD PSYCHIATRIST - YOUR MIND SEEMS A BIT BEFUDDLED - POOR FELLOW!
I HAVE BEEN KINDA FORGETFUL LATELY -
BE OF GOOD CHEER, J. WELLINGTON ABERNATHY - WE SUP ON BEANS DUE TO MY CLEVER HEADWORK
DAT'S USIN' DE OL' BEAN
A STROKE OF GOOD BUSINESS I WOULD SAY TO OBTAIN 3 BOWLS OF BEANS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE - TO SAY NOTHING OF THE ACCESSORIES FOR OUR COMMISSARY
DON'T KNOW HOW US WOULD DO WID OUT YOUSE, SCURVO!
7-4
W. A. Carlson

I heard, Sam, dat your old woman ran off with everything ye had. Dat's right. But she sent me wid dis hog back and said that she didn't want ter leave me entirely unprotected, so she sent me my *razorback*

What's up with that dog of yours? Is he crazy or what?

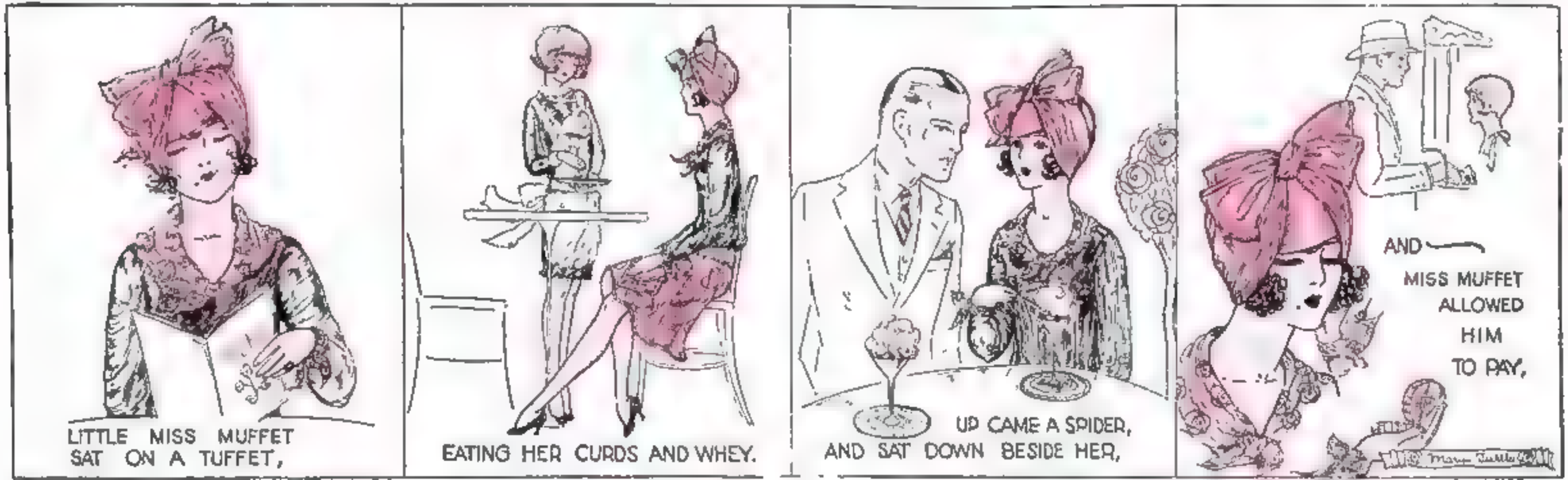
No—you see he's been born deaf and dumb and he's now trying to bark with his feet.

A TP [illegible] been going to get on [illegible] Well, come around T [illegible] then talk Turkey

Mr. Lige De Poke—What number shoes does yo wear Miss Connie?
Miss Lillyball Cohnfed—Only two, M stah De Poke
Mr. Lige De Poke—Yats, I know, you wear two of dem, but I mean what size?

A CURTSY ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY
Pedesy Fuzzyplace (doing the gallant)—Aw tell me pretty maiden is dere any more at home like youse?
Angeline McMudd—There are a few, I [illegible] an' here dey comes.

Iowa, Allow Us to Present Miss Adventures - - By Mary Tuttle



ALLEY OOP

ALLEY OOP AND ENEAS OUT TO "GET" A TYRANNICAL RULER FIND THE GOING IN THIS STRANGE LAND A BIT TOUGH WHILE HAVING SUFFERED NO BODILY HARM THEIR NERVES ARE BEGINNING TO FRAZZLE—

SAY OOP DID YOU HEAR THAT HORRIBLE LAUGH; IT GAVE ME THE CREEPS!

THIS WHOLE PLACE GIVES ME TH WILLIES!

BANG! CLANG BANG CRASH BAM BANG BANG

LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?

I DUNNO - IT CAME FROM SOME WHERE UP AHEAD

OH-OH! SOMETHING'S COMING UP THE TRAIL! QUICK LETS GET BACK IN THE BRUSH!

GOOD IDEA THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ARMY

THAT MIGHTA BEEN AN ARMY ONCE BUT IT'S JUSTA MOB NOW! WOW! LOOKIT EM GO!

WITH FEAR LENDING SPEED TO THEIR FEET!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE CAUSED THAT STAMPEDE?

GOSH ENEAS I GOT ME!

GANGWAY!

MY GOLLY! NO WONDER THOSE POOR DOPES WERF SCARED! D'JUH GIT A LOOK AT THAT MUG THAT WUZ CHASIN' 'EM?

METHINKS THAT "MUG" AS YOU CALLED HIM, IS THE TERRIBLE TYRANT WE'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR— BUT HE WASN'T CHASING THAT MOB

HE WASN'T?

NO, ALLEY—THAT CREATURE WAS ALSO FLEEING IN MORTAL TERROR! COME ON— WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT TO WHERE WE BEEN GOIN'—BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING TO BE SCARED OF

WHATEVER IT IS, IT MUST BE INSIDE— SO BARE YOUR STEEL— WE'RE GOING IN!

I WISH I HAD MY AX!

SHH! I THINK THE FRIGHTFUL THING WE'RE HUNTING IS JUST AROUND THE TURN IN THE CORRIDOR!

WELL, I'LL BE ..!"

WELL HELLO, BOYS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELVES?

YES EXPLAIN YOURSELVES! WHAT DETAINED YOU?

COPR. 1949 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

OLD'N ENDS

SCIENCE

FRAGMENTS

SUPERSTITION

ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE CONTAINS 99,000,000 FOOT-POUNDS OF ENERGY

A TURKEY-LIKE BIRD WITH A THREE INCH HORN GROWING OUT OF ITS FOREHEAD HAS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED IN THE JUNGLES OF BOLIVIA

SOME ANCIENT MARINERS PAINTED EYES ON THE BOWS OF THEIR VESSELS, SO THEIR CRAFT COULD "SEE" WHERE THEY WERE GOING

THE NEW MEXICAN HAIRLESS CAT, EXHIBITED AT CAT SHOWS THIRTY YEARS AGO, MAY HAVE BECOME AN EXTINCT BREED

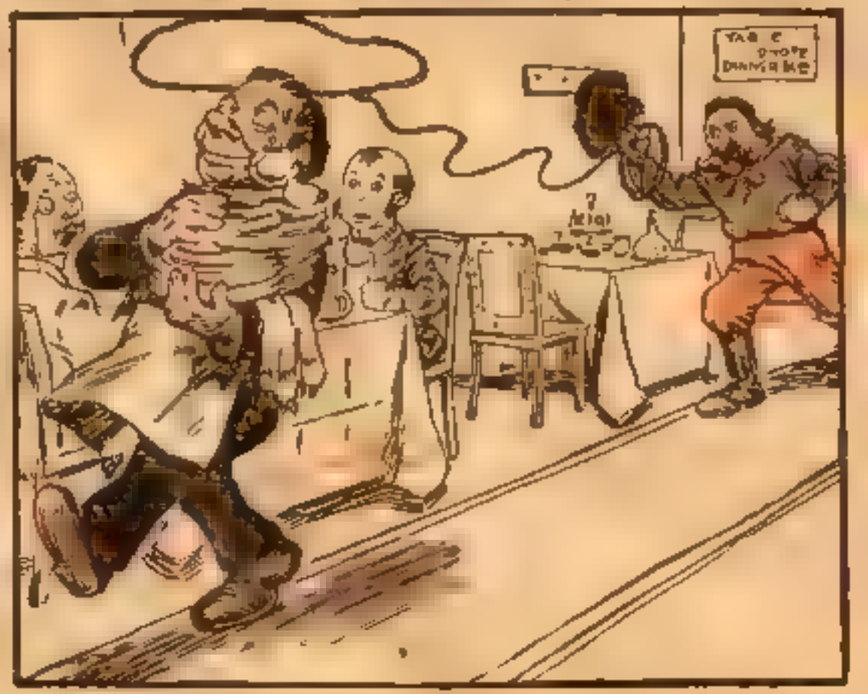
HI PAL

DODO

How Strenuous Pete had His Order Filled

WAITER—That fe ler don't look good for a tip so I'll just let him wait.

Why, I don't know he is alive!



Ha, Ha, Ha. I guess he realizes I am the waiter all right.

Bang—Bang—Crash—

Yes sir. Certainly sir

I hope he ain't got his gun with him.

The Farewell of the Fairies

By Robert Matthews

They came just a bit after twilight,
To the bed of the boy who had grown
From a wee, dimpled, rollicking baby
To a lad who six summers had known.

They hovered above the dear sleeper,
Then into his dreams drifted down
To show him the hearts he had broken,
Hearts of fairies of childhood's renown.

First came the Prince and the Beauty
Who slept in the magical wood
And roused the dear head from its slumber
As only the fairy prince could.

Then all of the fairies and goblins
Climbed up on the boy's little bed,
And kissed their good-byes to their playmate
And all of their fare-ye-wells said.

The Babes in the Wood stood before him
And waved him a baby's adieu.
He saw them drift off through the forest,
Where robins then hid them from view.

And Jack who had murdered the Giant
Would ever in giant-land be.
"I'll cut the stalk off at the bottom
"And pull the thing up after me."

And there stood the fair Cinderella
And blew him of kisses a score,
Then called for her coach and her footmen
And sped to the land of Nomore.

And dainty Red Ridinghood stood there,
As tearfully bade him farewell,
Then wandered away through the woodland
Where the wolf ate her up he knew well.

Then Great Big and Big and the Wee bears
Came tumbling down on to his bed.
"Who milk from our bowls has been drinking
"You'll care no more now," the bears said.

At last there was none save the Sandman.
Just then did the fair head embark
Again on the ocean of slumber.
So the Sandman slipped off through the dark.

The dreamer arose in the morning,
Hugged tight his new book and his rule,
Nor saw the tear start as his mother
Sent him off for his first days at school.

The wee, dimpled, rollicking baby,
Who once all the fairies had known
Had bade her farewell, like the fairies,
To boyhood from babyhood grown.

ROSS

National Organization for Cartoonists

By Freeman H. Hubbard

SO far as this article is concerned, there are only two kinds of people in the world—those who are cartoonists and those who are not. The first group includes cartoonists, caricaturists, animated cartoonists and comic artists—both amateur and professional. If you belong to that class you are eligible for membership in the new American Association of Cartoonists and Caricaturists.

The A. A. C. C. was organized June 30, this year, by some of the biggest cartoonists in the country. It was the first time an organization of that kind had ever been attempted in the annals of history, and it was put across in great shape.

Eugene Zimmerman, the famous "Zim," was elected president. Bud Fisher ("Mutt and Jeff") is first vice president; Rube Goldberg ("Boob McNutt"), second vice president; Edward McCullough, syndicate and freelance cartoonist, third vice president, and Walter Whiteley Hubbard, cartoonist publisher and former art instructor at the A. E. F. University, treasurer.

The A. A. C. C. was organized to increase public interest in the work of the cartoonists, raise the standards of the profession without attempting censorship, supply publicity matter to the press, encourage talented amateurs and warn those who appear to be untalented against wasting their time, supply a clearing-house for information, maintain an employment bureau for cartoonists, and in all other practicable ways watch out for the interests of the profession.

National headquarters of the Association is at 244 West 49th street, New York City, and the membership fee is a cent a day for the first year ($3.65 a year), which includes all membership privileges and subscription to the official organ, *Cartoons* magazine.

The Advisory Board comprises Albertine Randall ("In Rabbitboro"), one of America's best-known woman cartoonists; Clare A. Briggs ("Mr. and Mrs."); M. M. Branner ("Winnie Winkle"); Winsor McCay ("Little Nemo"), originator of animated cartoons; Eddie McBride, sports cartoonist and art manager of the *New York Herald Tribune* Syndicate; Milt Gross ("Gross Exaggerations"); Pat Sullivan ("Felix the Cat"); Ed. Wheelan ("Minute Movies"), son of Albertine Randall; Bill Steinke, editorial cartoonist, *Newark* (N. J.) *Daily News*; C. H. Wellington ("Pa's Son-in-Law"); Paul A. Broady, professional photographer and amateur cartoonist, and Manuel Rosenberg, art editor of the *Cincinnati Post* and author of books on cartooning.

The A. A. C. C. is accumulating a reference library and welcomes the donation of suitable books. The first volume received was a beautiful copy of the Bible with the Association's name printed in gilt on the front, presented by a prominent New York clergyman. The Rev. Walter Warren Hubbard, of Philadelphia, who took a leading part in the first World Conference on Narcotic Education, held recently in the Quaker city, is honorary chaplain of the association.

The A. A. C. C. has selected a girl to represent the cartoonists' profession, under the name "Miss Cartoons." Her name is Jewel La Kota and she has just been signed up for the new edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Jewel is regarded as the composite type of comic-strip heroines, is an amateur cartoonist and is thoroughly familiar with the work of the professionals. She was chosen by a committee of which Vice President Goldberg was chairman, from among hundreds of contestants.

Famous Cartoonists Guiding the Destiny of the New A. A. C. C.

(Most of the portraits on this page and the next were made at the Whiteley-Broady Studios, New York City. The one of Manuel Rosenberg is taken from a painting by John Weir, exhibited at the Cincinnati Art Museum.)

Eugene Zimmerman

Bud Fisher

Rube Goldberg

Edward McCullough

Clare A. Briggs

Winsor McCay

C. H. Wellington

Pat Sullivan

"Miss Cartoons" (Jewel La Kota)

Mrs. Albertine Randall

Treasurer Hubbard

Manuel Rosenberg

Eddie McBride

M. M. Branner

Ed. Wheelan

Bill Steinke

Paul A. Broady

Milt Gross

Chaplain Hubbard

MR. CASEY'S BICYCLE—A TRAGEDY IN EIGHT SCENES.